

LITERARY TABLET.

Vol. IV.]

Hanover, N. H. Wednesday, July 8, 1807.

[No. 23.

SELECTIONS.

OF THE GRECIAN PHILOSOPHERS.

THRALES, the Milesian, and Pythagoras of Samos, were among the earliest and best of the Grecian philosophers: the latter is said, and with great probability, to have understood the true system of the Universe; and taught the transmigration of souls, as borrowed from the Gymnosophists or Indian Bramins.

The former, who lived six hundred years before Christ, was both an excellent moralist and natural philosopher, for so early a period. He is thought to be the first Grecian who merited the name of an astronomer.

Anaximander, Anaximenes, and afterwards Anaxagoras, improved upon the former discoveries; but the latter in particular, who had a wild, but sublime and extensive genius, and more accuracy of judgment than his predecessors.

Zeno was the founder of the stoical school; and Epicurus of that one that goes under his name to this day: both went to extremes; one founding happiness or the chief good on apathy, or an insensibility to pleasure and pain; the other on pleasure alone. Another sect, called the Eclectic, embraced a middle course between the two.

Socrates, the wisest and best of all the philosophers, followed very much this middle path; and was the purest both in practice and doctrine, of all the Grecian sages.

On account of his dedicating his studies and doctrines chiefly to morality, he is said to have first brought Philosophy from the heavens and the stars, about which she had hitherto been employed, to dwell in cities and societies of men.

Socrates was perhaps one of the best and greatest men of antiquity. As Homer was in poetry, he was without doubt the great fountain-head of all that was most valuable in the Grecian philosophy; and his morality seems to have approached the nearest of any to that of the great founder of the Christian faith.

In explaining his philosophy by familiar allusions and parables, he also resembled him.

The Greeks, therefore, at this period, were the most distinguished nation on earth for learning and arts. From the days of Homer and Hesiod, down to those of Sophocles and Euripides, we see them going on in one continued course of improvement. Philosophy went hand in hand with Literature; and, in the age of Aristotle, we believe it to be arrived at its highest pitch of refinement.

The excellent application which this philosopher made of it to poetry and eloquence;

the laws he thence deduces with such justness and precision on the economy of these two arts, at once evince the uncommon acuteness of his genius, and point out a sure path to succeeding ages, to guide themselves in their intellectual exertions by the rules of right reason and common sense.

Plato, his cotemporary and fellow disciple, had merit; though of a different kind. He had more brilliance of fancy than solidity of judgment; hence his diction is often more elegant than his reasoning is just. But he has made amends for this by the universal good tendency of his morals, the serious grandeur of his thoughts, and the extraordinary beauty and splendor of his style. Add to this a simplicity joined with majesty; in which perhaps none of his countrymen, if we except Homer, ever equalled him. Xenophon was his worthy disciple.

Theophrastus and Cebes followed; the former, both a moralist and natural philosopher, trod the steps of his master Aristotle. His characters are equally eminent for that justness of painting and sweetnes of style; and are imitated by Brueghel and others.

His history of plants is allowed great merit by the naturalists.

As for Cebes, he has immortalized his fame by that Tablature of human life that passes under his name. The Visions of Mirza by Addison are a kind of distant imitation of this beautiful allegory; and though very striking, hardly equal to the original.

OF THE GRECIAN ORATORS—DEMOSTHENES CHARACTERIZED.

Demosthenes, who flourished somewhat later than the above-mentioned writers, may, with justice, be styled the Prince of Grecian eloquence. Isocrates charms by the harmony of his periods; Lysias and Isaeus by a certain attack grace; Eschines by a manly and copious oratory; but Demosthenes surpasses them all in fire, vehemence, precision, and cloiseness.

He excels in brevity, yet is clear and strong; his reasoning carries conviction in every word; he thunders, he lightens: he rolls his sentences with a kind of rapid harmony, yet seemingly without art; and in this way he overpowers us before we are aware.

From his conciseness arises his strength; he is never diffuse, nor, like Cicero, weakens his style by bestowing an additional word for the sake of rounding a period. He strives not to please, but to persuade; and his arguments are as strong and close as his style.

Upon the whole, he excels in that kind of eloquence which is the reverse of the copious, the sweet, or the flowery; his manner is ardent, concise, and simple; quite differ-

ent from the Ciceronian, which is copious, flowery and artificial.

What must we think of that eloquence that roused Greece, set on foot armies, shook the throne of Philip, and agitated the people to such a degree as to render them impatient to undertake the most arduous enterprises in defence of their country, and the destruction of tyranny? Such was the eloquence of Demosthenes.

OF THE GRECIAN DRAMATIC WRITERS.

Much about the above period flourished Sophocles and Euripides, these most exquisite tragedians, and glories of the Athenian stage.

Poetry now enjoyed her greatest triumph, when, to the most charming flowers of eloquence, she could join the wreath of virtue, and the palm of philosophy. Happy had this conjunction reformed the Athenian manners, as it delighted their fancy and wrought on their passions. But neither the sublimity of Sophocles, nor the pathos of Euripides, produced this effect.

Eschylus, the father of Greek tragedy, was somewhat older than these; but still their cotemporary. He was the first who brought the drama from the Thespian cart to the stage. His character is sublimity and vehemence joined to rudeness and obscurity; which last throw a veil over his merit, and render him but little known. His two successors already mentioned, improved upon him considerably.

Euripides, as being the disciple of Socrates, is perhaps the most didactic and moral of all tragic authors, if we except Shakespeare. He is more pathetic than Sophocles, though not so sublime or descriptive. His diction, however, is sufficiently dignified and elegant; and his versification is possessed of the greatest ease, sweetnes, and variety.

Besides the elegance, and pathos, so peculiar and delightful in these poets, one can never enough admire that chastity and purity of morals that predominate every where in their drama. Love, the hinge upon which modern tragedy seems to turn, is hardly noticed. The truth of history and nature is not violated to make room for a romantic passion that intoxicates the brain; and, if it does not corrupt, at best but amuses, without improving the hart.

As for Aristophanes, their cotemporary, and the father of the ancient comedy, notwithstanding his attick salt and elegance; he has too much of a rude buffoonery, and that too exerted against the most worthy characters, such as Socrates and Euripides, that cannot but disgust a well formed taste, accustomed to the chaster strains of his two dramatic brethren.

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Upon a comparison of these poets with the moderns, we must allow their plots are more simple and uniform; their characters in general more natural; their action and fable more important; and their language more harmonious and elegant. Their chorus, in particular, exhibits such a show of picturesque beauties as can hardly be paralleled in our times; besides its being in other respects, a suitable and agreeable accompaniment of the drama. However, it may be proper here to observe, that Milton has most happily imitated those choruses in his Comus and Sampson Agonistes; which display beauties of this kind not unworthy of the ancients.

On the other hand, the modern plays, from the strong mixture of love in them, are frequently more soft and tender than the ancient; but this tenderness too often degenerates into insipidity. Shakespeare alone, with little exception, has managed this passion with a true taste; no rant, no raving, no unnatural wildness; all the passions in him are touched with the hand of a master; and love, which appears among the rest, (accidentally introduced, not obtruded) speaks its own native language; the language of the utmost delicacy and tenderness.

GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE GREEK WRITERS.

We have now carried the Greek writers to the age of Alexander the Great, when their language arrived at its greatest refinement.

What particularly distinguishes them is, first, a certain delicacy joined with sweetnes, peculiar to themselves: secondly, a certain chastised elegance approaching to drynes.

Examples of the first kind are, Herodotus, Xenophon, Theocritus, Anacreon.

Of the second are: Pindar, Thucydides, Demosthenes, Aristotle, Theophrastus.

The more raised and elevated writers are Homer, Plato, Lucian, Sophocles, Eschylus, Euripides.

Upon the whole, the compositions of the Greeks, like their architecture, boast those simple and sublime beauties that are the picture of nature and truth only; nothing is exaggerated or distorted; all is delicacy, grace, and sweet simplicity. What an idea do they give of the virtue and purity of a people that in their best times had never their equals; and still in their works shine to succeeding ages unrivalled patterns of beauty, simplicity, and unaffected greatness?

CRITICKS.

The doctrine of writing is clearly no more, than the doctrine of association. One, therefore, to be a correct judge of what another has written, must have the same train of ideas pass partially through his brain; and his mind must, in some degree, be co-operative with the author's. There are some men, who may judge of all things, by the force of intellect, and the authority of nature; whose ideas occur to them, like axioms, and whose reasonings are the ratios of truth. But learned men, with

weak heads, are like misers, with great wealth, they possess more than they have capacity to enjoy, or ingenuity to exercise; and they are forever acquiring that, which they never can transmit. Though this gentry of the Hollow-skulls have wit so thin, that they will 'endure but one skimming,' yet will they bend their shaggy brows over their shallow skulls, with the hazard of fracture, for the sake of looking fierce, and putting out of countenance a blushing author.—Quoting Greek will never alter what is true, nor blemish what is beautiful; nor even malignancy, squatted like a toad, disgorging venom, poison the purity of intellect. If the minds of common criticks fail them, let them not blame the force of the author's, but the imbecility of their own. When they praise, let them not praise from the exultation of comprehension; when they condemn, let them not be irritated by the spite and restlessness of impotency. Dull criticks resemble those bodies, which absorb light, by their grossness, rifle it, and return only vacant darkness.

[Anthology.]

THE NOSE, EYE, AND MOUTH.

These are the three features, which so embellish and enoble the human countenance. The nose marks man from brutes, and is a general index of the characters of men. But the nose is not much, after all. Its use consists mostly in its being the sentry-box, where the sense of smell holds its watch over taste, to give the alarm of the approach of offence. The organ of smell is the medium of but little pleasant sensation to the brain; and there is but little sentiment to be extracted from odor, however fragrant. It is, poor thing, destined to suffer much annoyance, as it cannot close itself against the entrance of that which it abhors.

The eye is the inlet of all that is beautiful in nature. It is the loop-hole of our earthly castle, out of which the soul loves to look on the broad domains, which surround it. In physiognomy, the eye is unquestionably one of the strongest principles. It expresses all the strong and powerful evolutions of the soul. But it is no index to its minuter operations. As a feature, it is filled with honor and love. How sublime is man with an eye of Mars, in the front of Jove; how lovely is woman, with a blue eye, melting under a falling eye-lash. How sorrowful is she, when the lustre of this blue eye is dimmed with tear-drops; and how holy are these tears, when seen through those, which pity has started in our own!

But how shall I speak of the mouth? How trace the eternally variable line of the lip? How shall I follow the thousand evanescent motions, that play about it? How bewitching is it, at the starting of a smile; how lovely, as it gathers to close upon it. How pure is it, just opening with sorrow; how tremulous under the touches of pity! In joy, how expressive; in love, how melting. How does it exceed all that nature has done! How supreme is it over art! How much more brilliant is it, than coral inlaid with pearls.

SULLY, in his *Memoirs of Henry the Great*, has given the following curious description of an astrologer.

Entering without any attendants, into a very large chamber, I found a man walking about it very fast, and so absorbed in thought, that he neither saluted me, nor, as I imagine, perceived my entrance. Looking at him with more attention, every thing in his person, his manner, his countenance, and dress, appeared to me very uncommon, his body was long and slender, his face thin and withered, his beard white and forked; he had a large hat on his head that covered his face, a cloak buttoned close at the collar, boots of an enormous size, a sword that trailed on the ground, and in his hand a large double bag, like those that are tied to saddle-bows. I asked him, in a raised tone of voice, if he lodged in that chamber, and why he seemed in such a profound contemplation? My man, affronted at the question, without saluting, or even deigning to look at me, answered me rudely, that he was in his own chamber, and that he was thinking of his affairs, as I might do of mine. Although I was a little surprised at his impertinence, I nevertheless desired him very civilly to permit me to dine in that chamber; a proposal which he received grumbling, and was followed by a refusal still less polite. That moment three of my gentlemen, my pages, and some footmen, entering the room, my brutal companion thought fit to soften his looks and words, pulled off his hat, and offered me every thing in his power; then suddenly, eying me with a fixed regard, asked me, with a wild air, where I was going? I told him to meet the king: "What, sir?" he replied, "has the king sent for you? Pray tell me on what day and hour you received his letters, and also at what hour you set out?"

It was not difficult to discover an astrologer by these questions, which he asked me with an invincible gravity. I was farther obliged to tell him my age, and to allow him to look into my hands. After all these ceremonies were over, "Sir," said he, with an air of surprize and respect, "I will resign my chamber to you very willingly, and before it be long, many persons will quit their places to you with more regret than I do mine." The more I pretended to be astonished at his great abilities, the more he endeavored to give me proofs of them; he promised me riches, honor, and power, (astrologers are seldom niggards) and added, that if I would inform him of the hour of my birth, he would tell me all that had or ever would happen to me; but without desiring to know my name, or telling me his, he thought proper, after these words, to leave me precipitately, excusing himself for not staying longer with me, upon the necessity he was under to carry some papers immediately to his advocate and procurator. I made no efforts to detain; but it was not the same with my people, whom I perceived to be

feized with fear and respect at every word this madman uttered.

By the close application which Addison gave, when at college, to the study of the Greek and Roman classics, "he caught," says Mr. Tickell, "their language and manner, as strongly as other young people gain a French accent or a genteel air. An early acquaintance with the classics is what may be called the good breeding of poetry, as it gives a certain gracefulness which never forsakes a mind that contracted it in youth, but is seldom or never hit by those who would learn it too late. There is not, perhaps, any harder task than to tame the natural wildness of wit, and to civilize the fancy. The generality of our old English poets abound in forced conceits and affected phrases; and even those who are said to come the nearest to exactness, are but too fond of the unnatural beauties, and aim at something better than perfection. If Mr. Addison's example and precepts be the occasion that there now begins to be a greater demand for correctness, we may justly attribute it to his being first fashioned by the ancient models, and familiarized to propriety of thought and chastity of style."

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

The connexion of refinement with religion.

IN the infancy of improvement, when society was yet unknown, when the arts and sciences had never flourished, and nothing but savage barbarity festered in the breasts of the human family, religion was as wild and inconsistent as its pretended votaries.

The purity of heaven-born piety could never concord with the jargon of unlettered and disorganized multitudes. The tumults of war, the jarring of interest, disorder, and anarchy ruled triumphant in the human mind, and superseded all serious reflection.

A knowledge of Deity was yet hidden from the heart, and temples, devoted to his service, existed in the unhewn trees of the forest. But when the first rude principles of society gradually arose into existence, and a few straggling rays of improvement, dawning on the illiterate world, roused the geniuses of men from their slumbers of ignorance, innumerable forms of superstitious ceremonies began to be preserved as sacred and inviolable.

All the wild, visionary, and inconsistent notions, which the unbridled imagination of barbarous tribes could possibly collect, were enrolled under the name of religion. Huge fabrics, called "sacred temples," proud monuments of superstitious folly, were crowded with deities in regular climax, from the vegetable, that forms a carpet for the meanest insect, to misshapen images, without name, character, or use. The heathen world was uncultivated and knew not religion. Carthage,

which is but a milder term for uncivilized brutality, stood in the front rank of superstitious frenzy.

Her altars, devoted to heathen Gods, floated in blood of human victims, her religious notions were false and incongruous, her warmest devotions sacrilege, and cruelty, and murder.

In the dark ages of the world, when Roman grandeur had fallen, when the husbandman forgot to toil in the field, and the tools of the artist became rusty through disuse, when genius and wisdom were bewildered in the dark clouds of ignorance, and the human intellect could scarce be called rational, at this period, religion groaned and almost expired.

There had been a time, when revelation was regarded. But that period had long since been numbered with ages that were past. Vandalic madness raged on every side, the wild-fire of fanaticism enkindled among the ranks of discordant multitudes, and made desolate the fairest hopes of christian prosperity. A continued chain of impieties crowded the black catalogue of ages, and the sun never rose on a consecrated land.

But in what quarter of the habitable globe shall we find pure religion springing up and flourishing among the untaught children of nature?

In every period of the world, those vast tribes of untutored beings, that are crowded into the dark corners of the earth, are continually ranging with frantic wildness, thro' inextricable mazes of error. Like "strangers and pilgrims" on the desert of Arabia, they wander without guide or compass, while every step they tread entangles them in danger. While the Egyptians scattered along the banks of the Nile, humbly venerate the imaginary deity of its sacred waters, the Japanese are prostrate at the feet of an idol monarch, a being formed like themselves, but too holy to step upon the earth, and too sacred to be warmed by the luminary of heaven.

The cold heart of the Greenlander has never yet been warmed by the genial spark of religion. Bound in eternal weights of ice, and far removed from the scientific world, he has never yet watched the movements of the devious comet, nor sipt at the pure fountain of philosophy; he has never yet loaded his mind from the store-house of refinement, nor poured out an offering in the temple of Jehovah.

The savage, that wanders through the wilds of America, can form the bow, the arrow and the tomahawk; but his incense has never fumed on the altar of God, nor his prayers been enrolled in the archives of heaven.

In harmonized society only, where the wild waste groans beneath the plow-share, and the once desert wood-land smiles with luxuriance and grandeur, where the Muses abide in the palace and the cottage, where the fun of science, like the fountain of heat

in the days of Joshua, stands still at noon-tide, and animate creation is pregnant with improvement,—here alone can the sacred plant of religion become most prosperous and fruitful.

And while reclining on the bosom of refinement, and gathering fresh sweets from the garden of literature, we can trace from visible effects to invisible causes, until we are conducted to the Great First Cause of all things.

To attune to harmony and order the vast diversity of beings that are scattered through immensity of space, is a labor which dull chance could never do. But the literate world view God in all these works; and instead of the mean, degraded, and sensual heathen deities, that delight in childish pastime and frivolous amusement, their *Omnipresent God* builds unnumbered worlds, and upholds them by his power and wisdom.

MERRIMENT.

Bonomi, the Italian architect, walking along Pall-Mall, wrote the following paeanade on one of the columns, which, contrary to every rule and principle of architecture, stand insulated in the front of Carlton House, supporting nothing:

*Care colonne
Che fate qua
"Non lo sappiamo
"In verita,"*

*Ah! my dear columns,
Why stand ye so?
Indeed, my good Sir,
We do not know.*

A tradesman finding his circumstances irretrievably involved, put a period to his existence in the canal in Hyde Park. A gentleman asking Mr. Deputy Birch, who he knew had been acquainted with the man, how he came to drown himself? The deputy answered, "Because he could not keep his head above water."

A young nobleman, not remarkable for punctuality in the payment of his bills, once called upon the Margravine of Anspach in an elegant new phaeton, and at parting begged she would come to the door just to look at it. "Tis very pretty," said he, "and I have it on a *new plan*."—"Before I set my eyes on it, my lord," said she, "I am afraid you have it on the *old plan*—never to pay for it."

As Mr. Cunningham, the late pastoral poet, was fishing on a Sunday, he was observed by the Rev. Mr. B. who severely reprimanded him for thus profaning the Sabbath. The poor man heard him with meekness, and then replied, "If your dinner was at the bottom of the river, like mine, you would angle for it too."

LITERARY TABLET.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ODES* FOR INDEPENDENCE.

BY MICAH BRADLEY.

ODE 1st.

Tune—*Ode on Science.*

I.

COME let us raise our noblest songs
To HIM who made us great and free,
Who gave at first, and still prolongs
Our union, peace and liberty.
Our Sires, who now in silence sleep
Freely to worship, nobly bore
Ten thousand dangers on the deep,
Ten thousand dangers on the shore.

II.

They left their friends, they left their home,
A hardy, pious, faithful band
Resolv'd (yet knew not where) to roam,
And found at length this happy land.
To Him, who led o'er trackless waves
This inexperienc'd, dauntless crew ;
Where millions since have found their graves,
Perpetual love and praise are due.

III.

To hear the woes, they struggled through,
Would almost freeze our filial blood ;
A boundless forest met their view,
Which midnight monsters pac'd for food.
The forest felt their sturdy stroke
And yielded to incessant blows ;
The iron glebe their furrow broke,
The desert bloom'd like the rose.

IV.

Perhaps to-day, from realms above,
With speechless joy they lean to see
Their countle's offspring live in love
So great and virt'ous, blest and free.
To Him, who led o'er trackless waves
This inexperienc'd, dauntless crew ;
Where millions since have found their graves,
Perpetual love and praise are due.

V.

This Day, to freemen doubly dear,
Shall be pean'd in all our songs,
While it returns but once a year,
And we have either harps or tongues.
Then let us raise our voices high,
Till all *New-Hampshire's* hills resound
And gabbling echo from the sky
Catch and return the joyful sound.

VI.

But hark ! what lamentable moans,
What deep drawn shrieks of wild despair ;
What savage threats and hopele's groans,
Come struggling through the eastern air.
Cease, oriental breezes, cease,
Heralds of human guilt and woe ;
This day we dedicate to peace,
Then blow, Zephyrus, gently blow.

VII.

Oh ! may Columbia's spotless name,
Which claims respect from every clime,
Stand foremost on the rolls of fame
Through the long tracts of future time.
Here may the exile, doom'd to roam,
Poor hapless child of wo and care ;
If guiltless, find a welcome home,
And smile o'er scenes of past despair.

VIII.

The Muse prophetic soars along
And faintly kens on flagging wing,
Scenes far beyond her powers of song,
For poets yet unborn to sing.

To Him, who led o'er trackless waves
Our fires of old, that *dauntless* crew,
Where millions since have found their graves,
What endless love and praise are due ?

ODE 2d.

1.
COME brothers and make known your joys,
Set all the bells to ringing ;
Strike up some merry tune, my boys,
And let us all be singing.
To day, you know, is Freedom's day,
And all must have a hand in't ;
The bond be free, the sad be gay,
And paupers independent.

2.

Sometimes we quarrel here at home,
But Europe need not worry ;
Should France, or England choose to come,
They'll scamper in a hurry.
If Congres keep an eye to France,
I stump the French to cheat 'em ;
If Britons come they'll have to dance,
We've try'd it once, and beat 'em.

3.

We've stood for thirty years and one
An independent nation,
And do not wish to fire a gun,
But to maintain our iteration ;
But if invaded, we have guns
And sounds our foes shall hear 'em ;
They'll find a snarl of freedom's sons,
Who neither love nor fear 'em.

4.

Our streams majestic spring from lakes,
Our brooks from smaller fountains ;
Our forests wave with ancient oaks,
And verdure clothes our mountains—
Here yellow Ceres waves her corn,
The farmer's eye delighting,
Here smiling plenty fills her horn
With all that seems inviting.

5.

COLUMBIA rears a noble race,
Boys clear as *Bonaparte*,
And girls endu'd with senie and grace,
Fair, happy, sweet and hearty.
Thus doubly blest we'll journey on,
Our friendship waxing stronger,
Till Sol forgets to rise at morn
And time shall be no longer.

JULY 4, 1807.

* For the many defects, which may and must appear in these Odes, the Author's apologies are, *spleen*, *sickness*, and *want of time*.

† A word sometimes made use of by us Poets, standing synonymous with swarm, drove, flock, &c. &c.

SELECTED POETRY.

THE OAK OF OUR FATHERS.

ALAS ! for the oak of our *fathers*, that stood
In its beauty, the glory and pride of the wood !

It grew and it flourish'd for many an age,
And many a tempest wreak'd on it its rage,
But when its strong branches were bent with
the blast,
It struck its roots deeper and flourish'd more
fast.

Its head tower'd high, and its branches spread
round,
For its roots were struck deep, and its heart it
was found,
The bees o'er its honey-dew'd foliage play'd,
And the beasts of the forest fed under its shade.

The oak of our fathers to Freedom was dear,
Its leaves were her crown, and its wood was
her spear.

Alas ! for the oak of our fathers, that stood
In its beauty, the glory and pride of the wood !

There crept up an ivy, and clung round the
trunk,
It struck deep in its mouth, and its juices it
drunk ;
The branches grew sickly, depriv'd of their
food,
And the oak was no longer the pride of the
wood.

The foresters saw, and they gather'd around,
Its roots still were fast, and its heart still was
found ;
They lopt off the boughs that so beautiful
spread,
But the ivy they spar'd on its vitals that fed.

No longer the bees o'er its honey-dews play'd
Nor the beasts of the forest fed under its shade ;
Lopt and mangled the trunk in its ruin is seen,
A monument now what its beauty has been.

The oak has received its incurable wound,
They have lopt sen'd the roots, though the heart
may be found ;
What the travellers at a distance green flourish-
ing see,
Are the leaves of the ivy that poison'd the tree.

Alas ! for the oak of our *FATHERS*, that stood
In its beauty, the glory and pride of the wood !

SONG.

Lov'd friend of my youth ! Why dwell you no
more
Mid the scenes of affection so dear ?
Why still dost thou wander from home far
away,
Why linger with strangers so many a day,
Tho' the dark storm that shaded thy prospect
is o'er,
Tho' fled is pale Misery's tear ?

O say, is the form thou so fondly didst love,
Eras'd from thy still valu'd heart ?
Do the warm glowing feelings thou cherish'd
awhile,
No longer the tear of remembrance beguile ?
O say, do the visions that happiness wove
No longer their magic impart ?

Ah ! yet ere the gay tints of beauty are fled,
Ere the rose of delight blooms no more,
Come wand'rer belov'd ! to Emma, O come,
The tribute of rapture shall welcome thee homeward,
And the chaplet of bliss that once circled thy
head,
Affection's warm breath shall restore.

HANOVER, (N. H.)

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